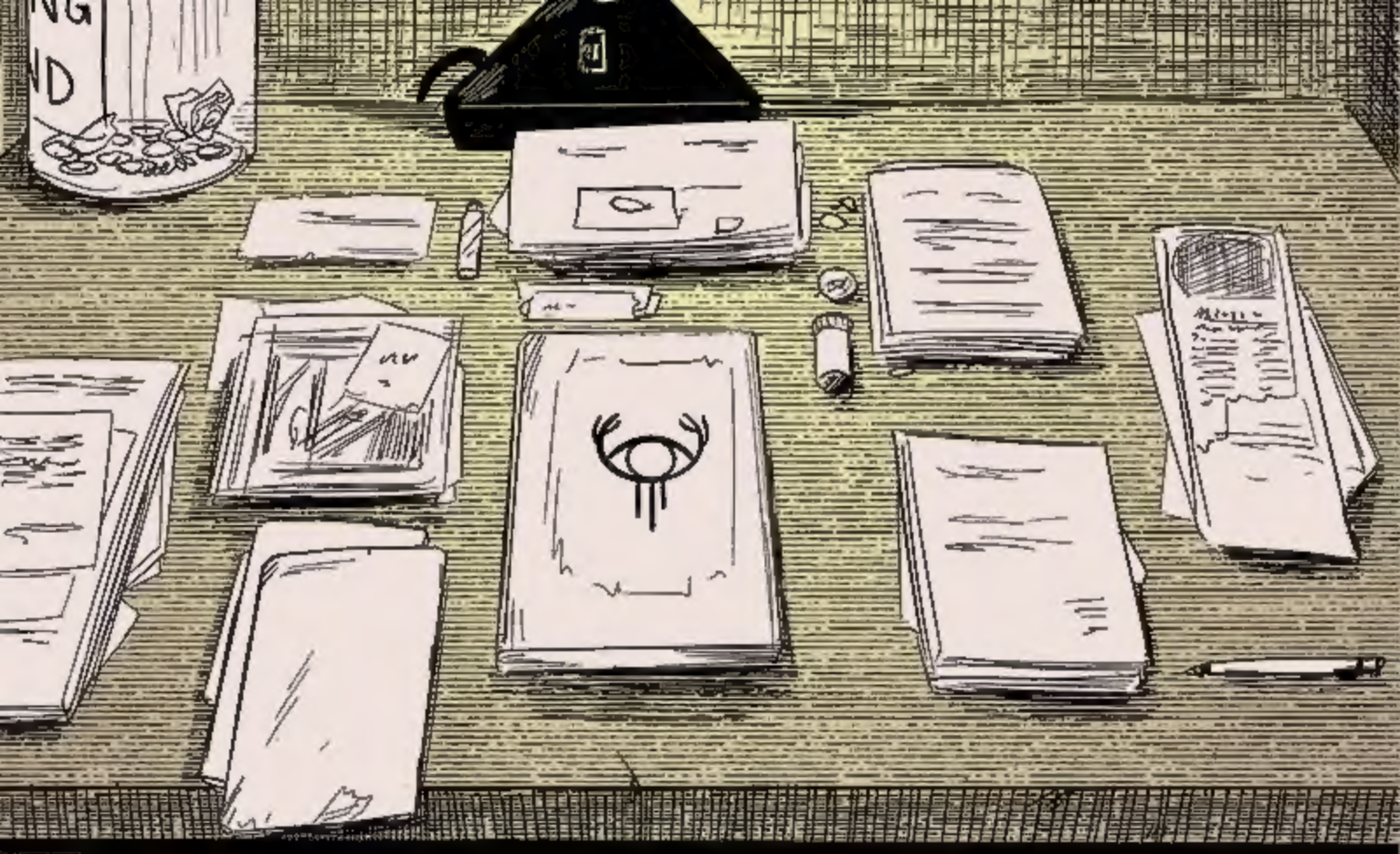
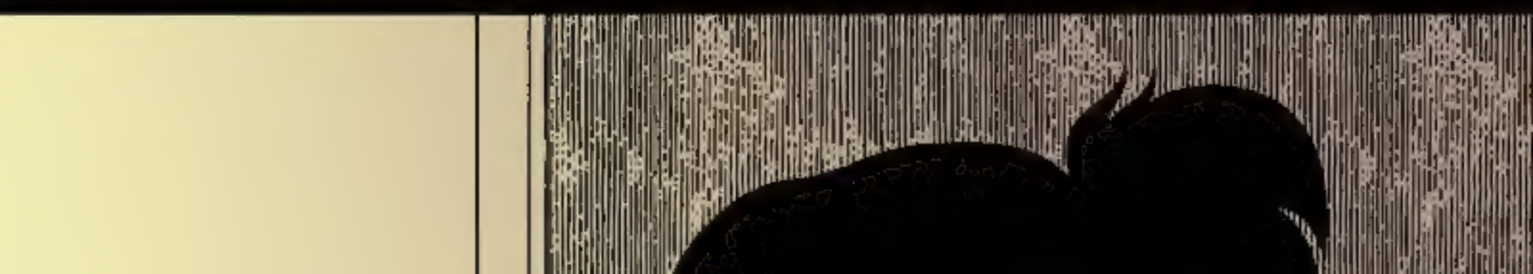
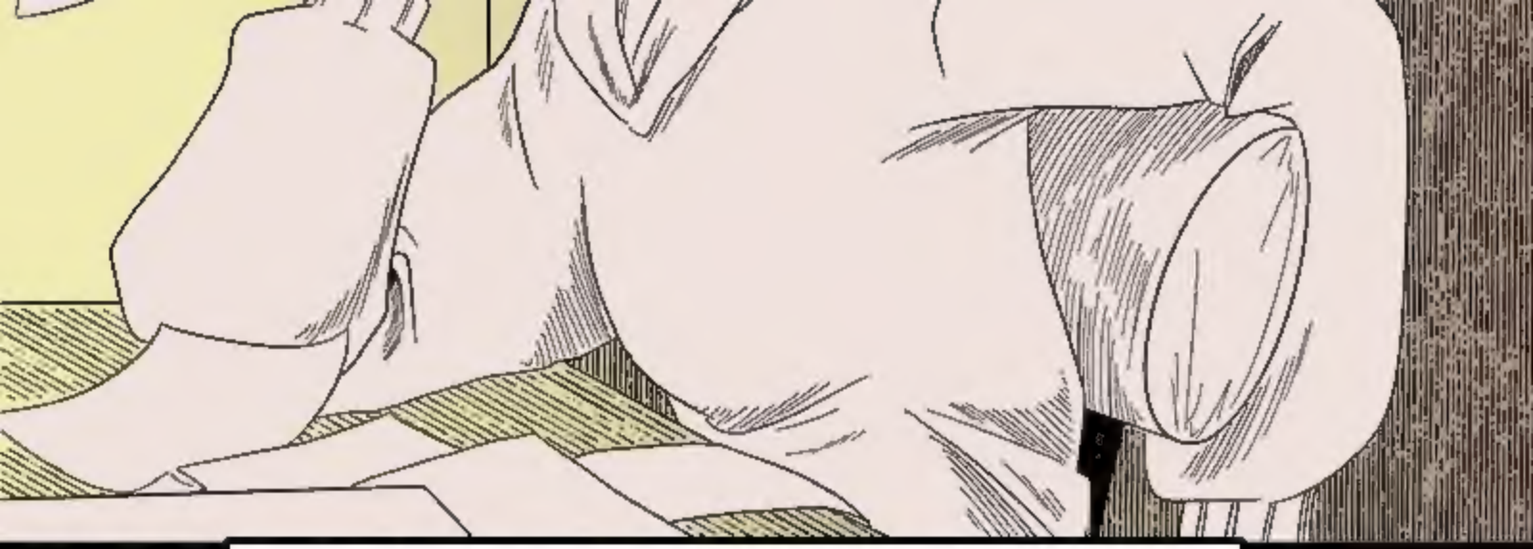
AFTER GETTING NOWHERE WITH THE CAROUSEL LEAD, I DECIDED TO SPEND THE NEXT FEW DAYS WORKING THROUGH JEREMY'S NOTES.



A METICULOUS AND ORGANIZED APPROACH WAS CALLED FOR.



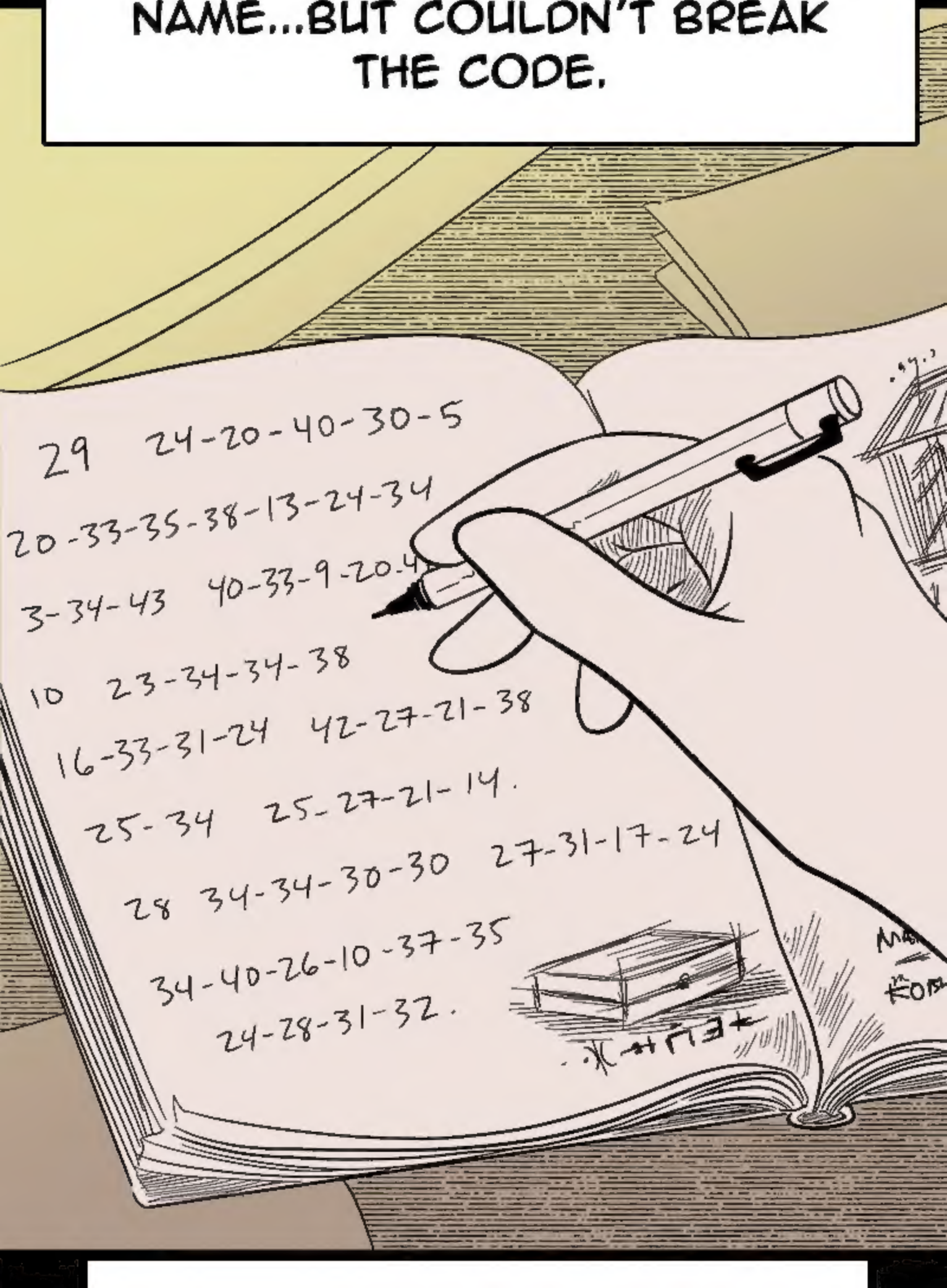
IF ANYTHING COULD BE DISCOVERED IN JEREMY'S WRECK OF LOCKBOX PAPERS AND SCRIBBLES, IT WOULD BE EASY TO PULL OUT AND CATEGORIZE.



OR SO I THOUGHT.

Stagtown

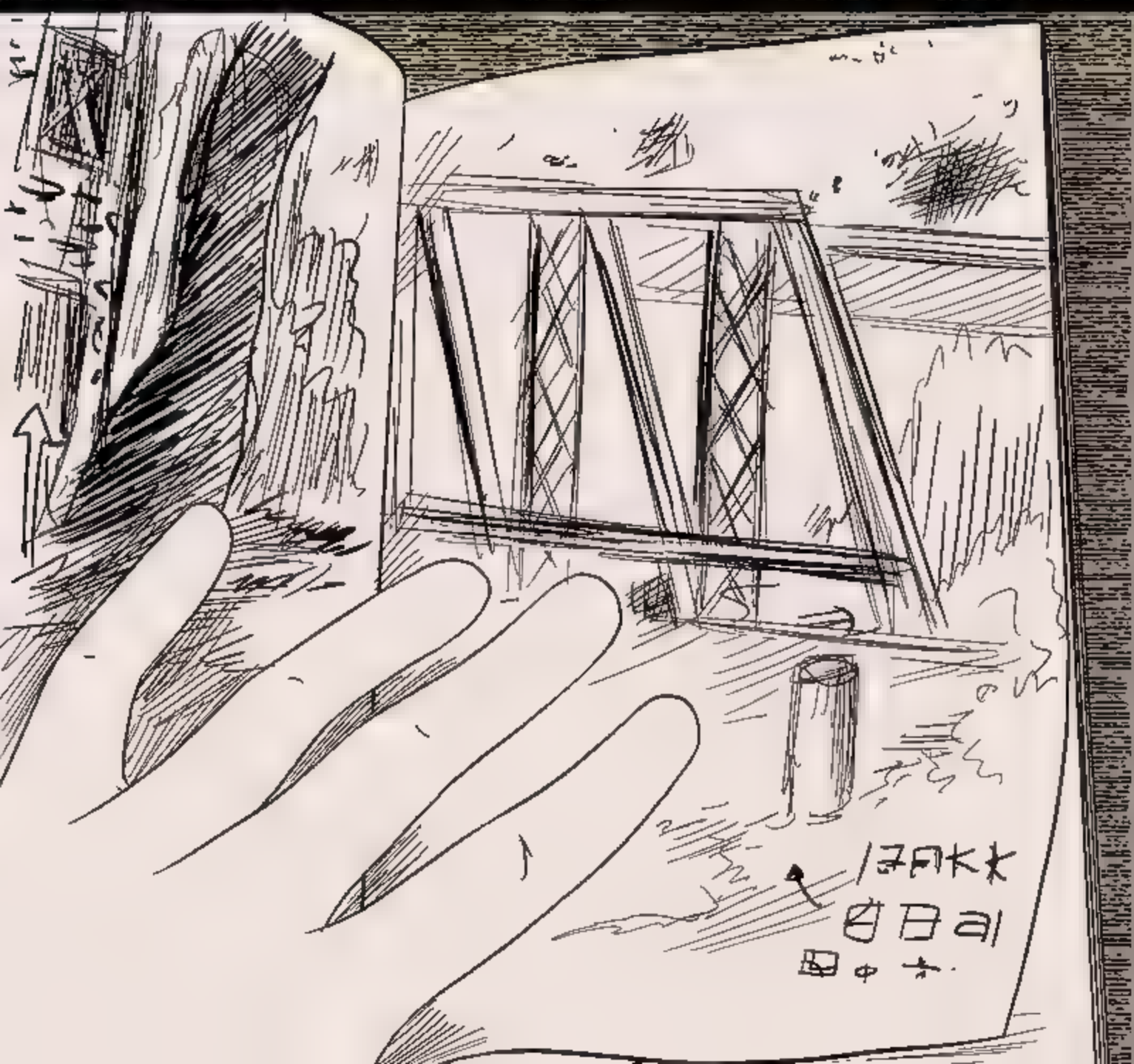
I TRIED EVERYTHING, USED EVERY KEYWORD...EVEN MY OWN NAME...BUT COULDN'T BREAK THE CODE.



TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, NOT ONLY DID JEREMY CODE HIS JOURNALS, HE ALSO USED MULTIPLE CIPHERS AND EVEN DECOY TEXT.

TO, I DON'T KNOW...THROW OFF THE FBI OR WHATEVER.

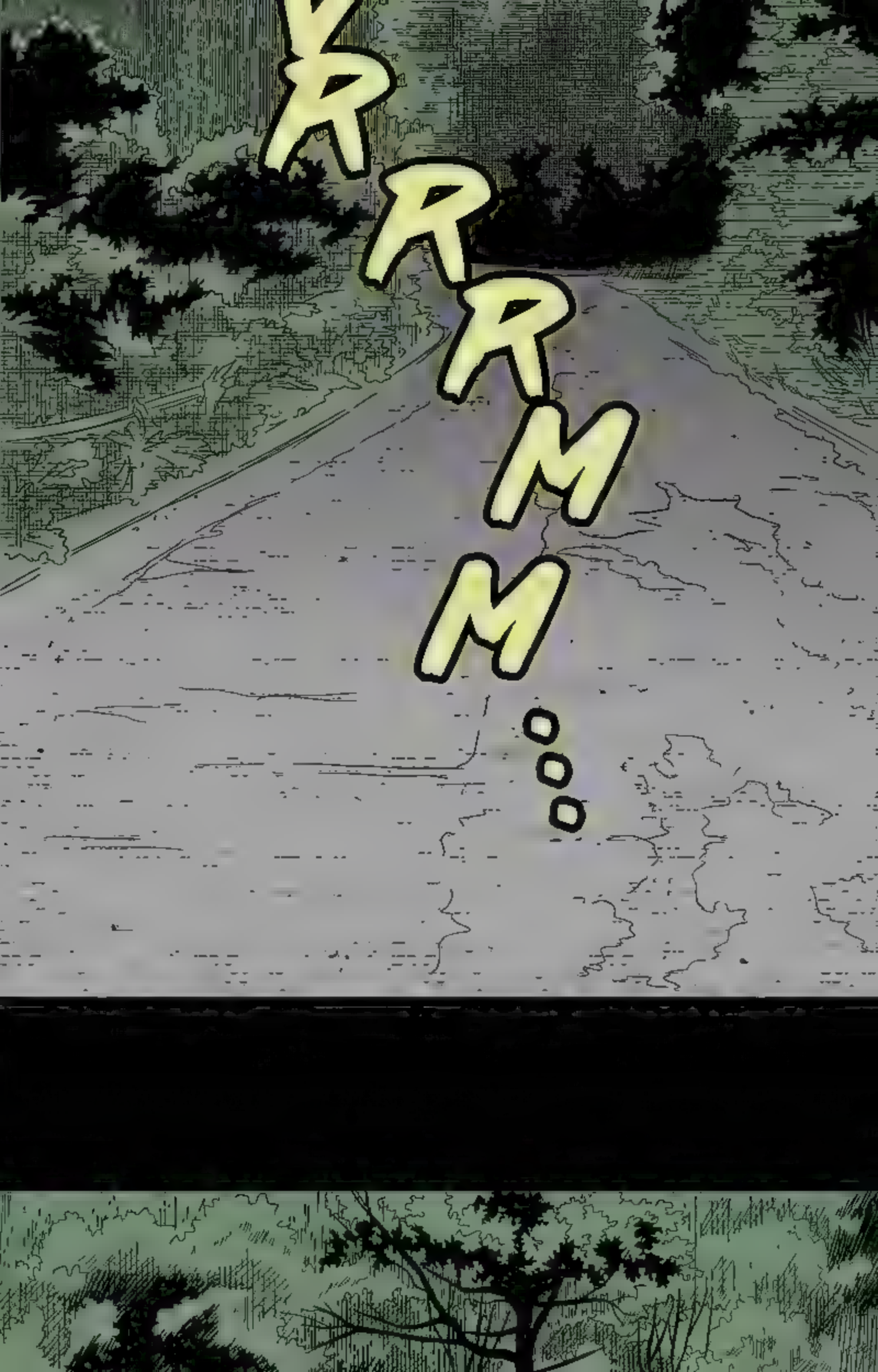
I DOUBT THAT THE GOVERNMENT CURRENTLY RECEIVES ENOUGH FUNDING TO WADE THROUGH THIS MUCH NONSENSE, SO HIS NOTES WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE EITHER WAY.

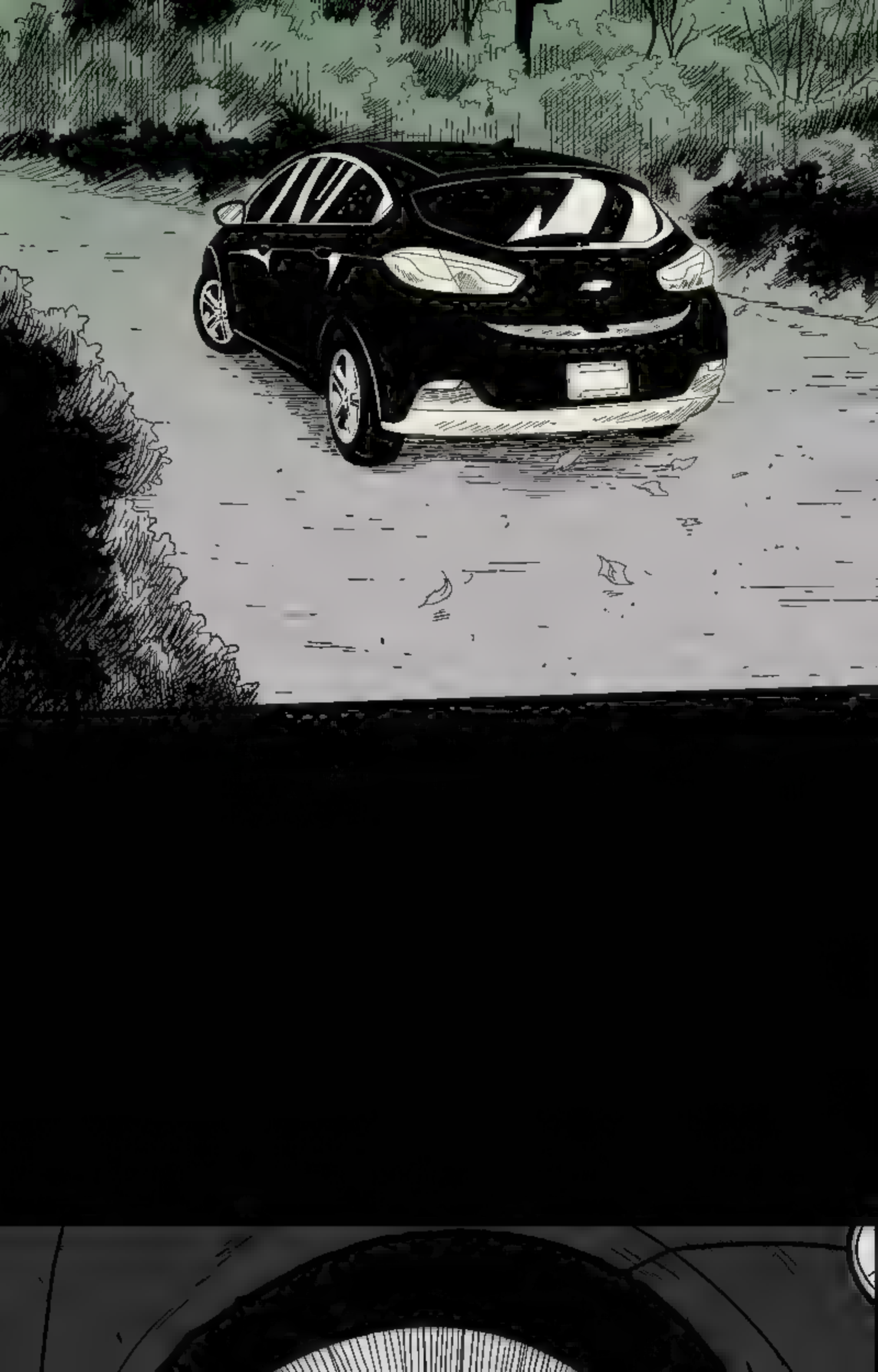


FINALLY, I HIT ON SOMETHING I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED.

IT WAS A SKETCH OF AN OLD BRIDGE THAT USED TO CONNECT A BACK ROAD TO THE MAIN WAY OUT OF TOWN, BUT IT WAS CLOSED NOW SINCE IT HAD DETERIORATED.

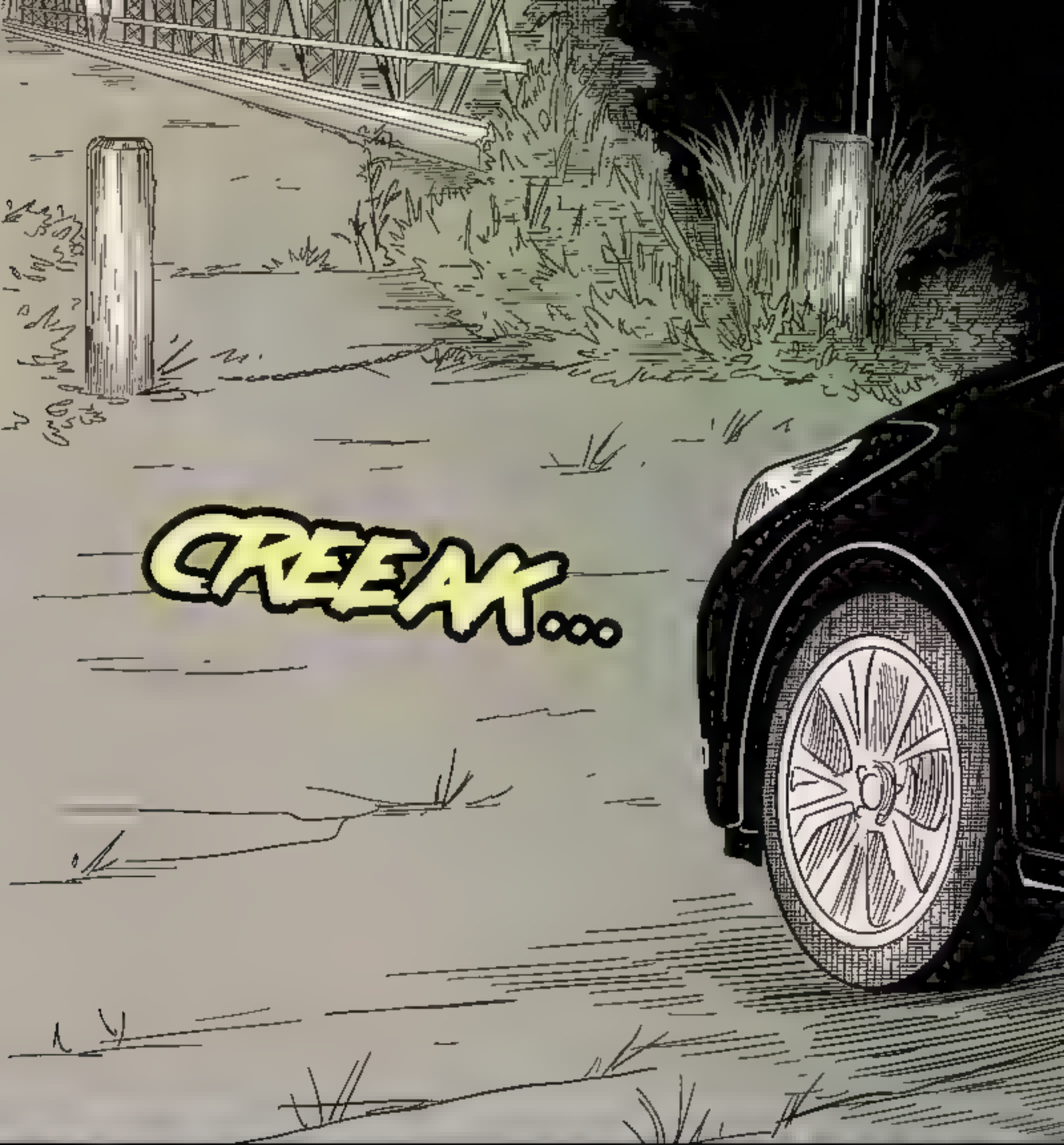
WITH NOTHING ELSE TO GO ON, I DECIDED TO DRIVE OUT AND TAKE A LOOK.


RRRRMMM...



SCRRRNCH...

NO
TRESPASS

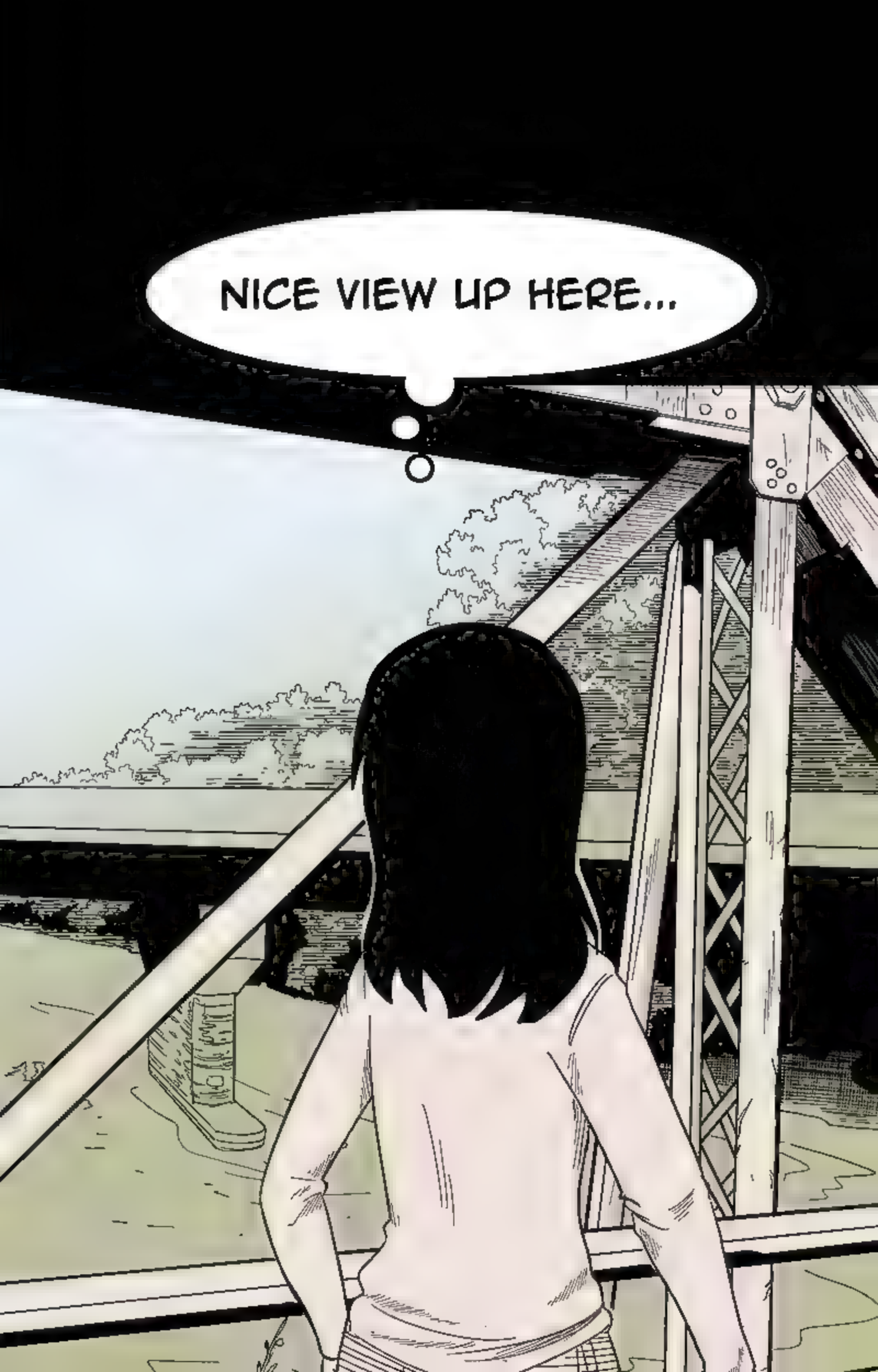

CREEAK...

CLICK

WELP...

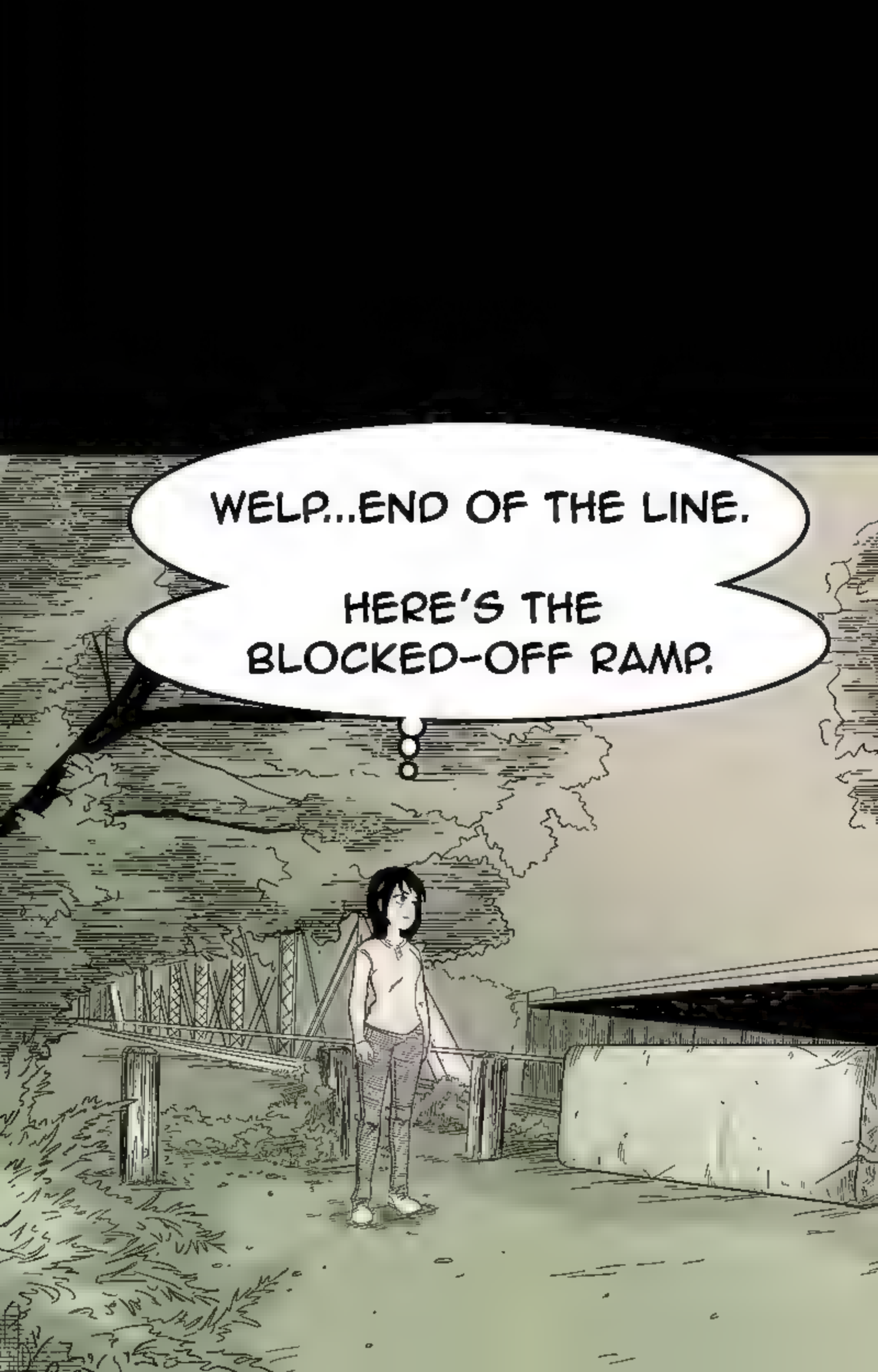
DAY'S NOT GETTING ANY LONGER.

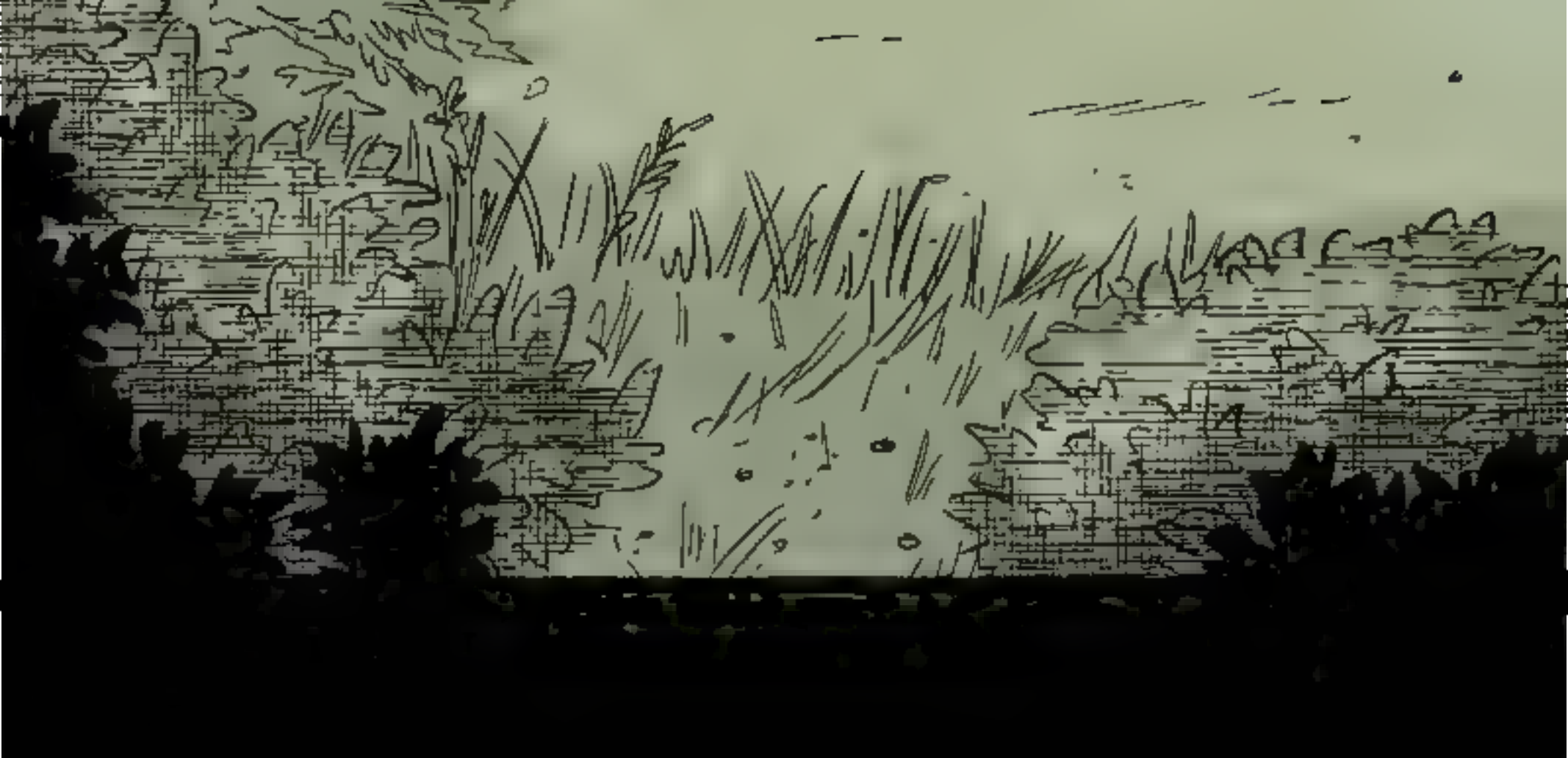
NO
TRESPASS


NICE VIEW UP HERE...

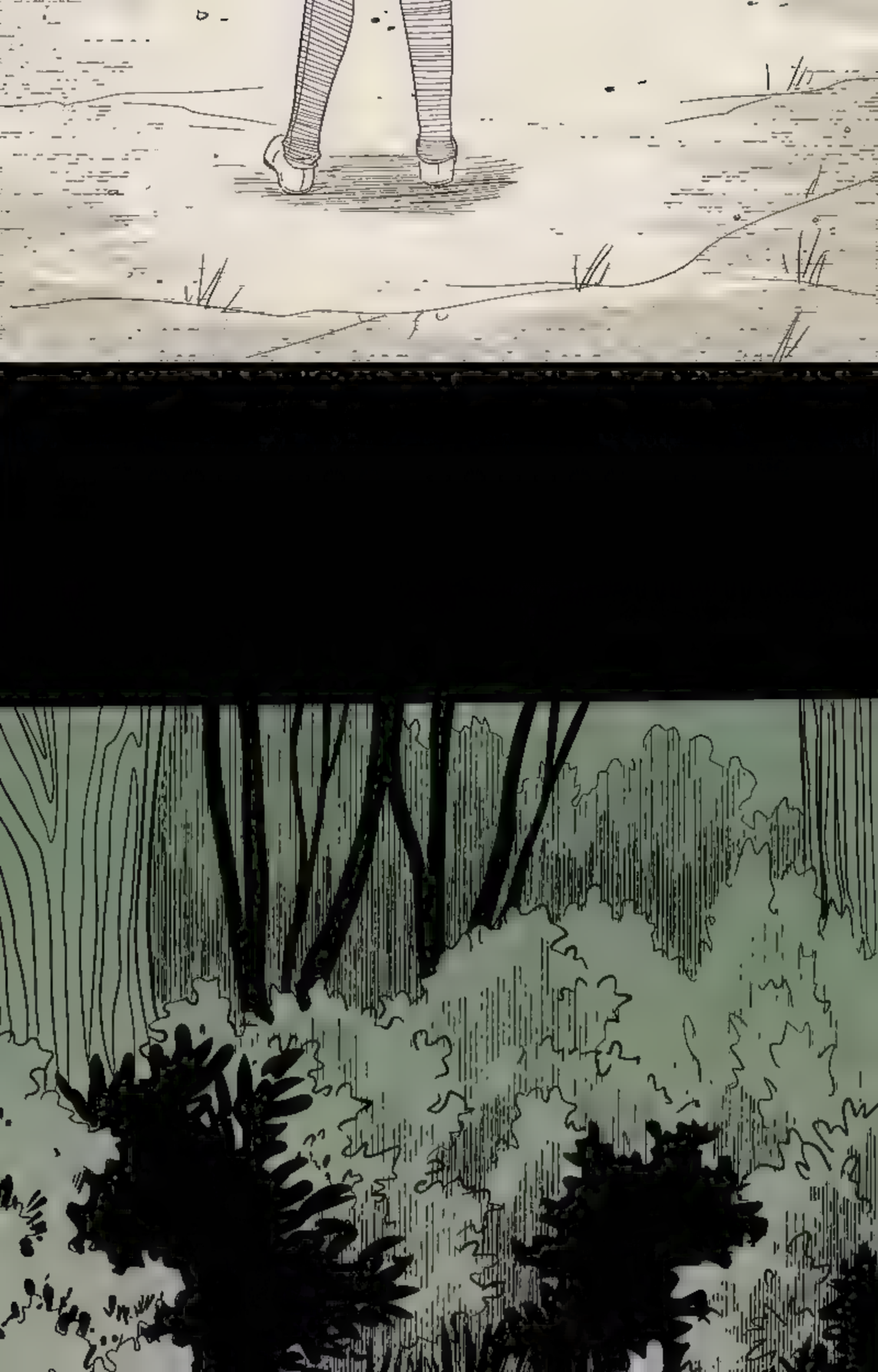
OF...DEAD BIRDS. EW.

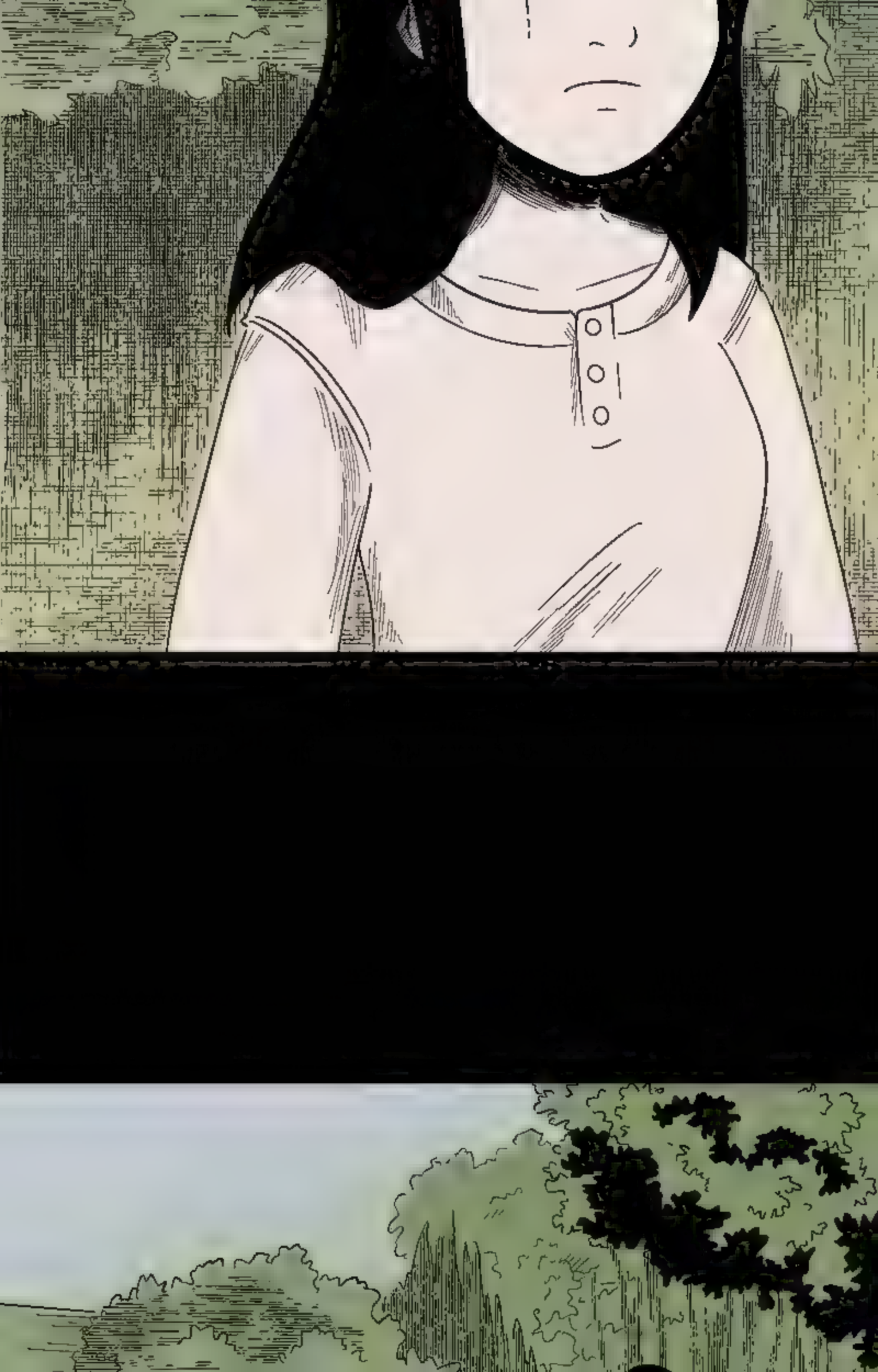
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR?


WELP...END OF THE LINE.
HERE'S THE BLOCKED-OFF RAMP.

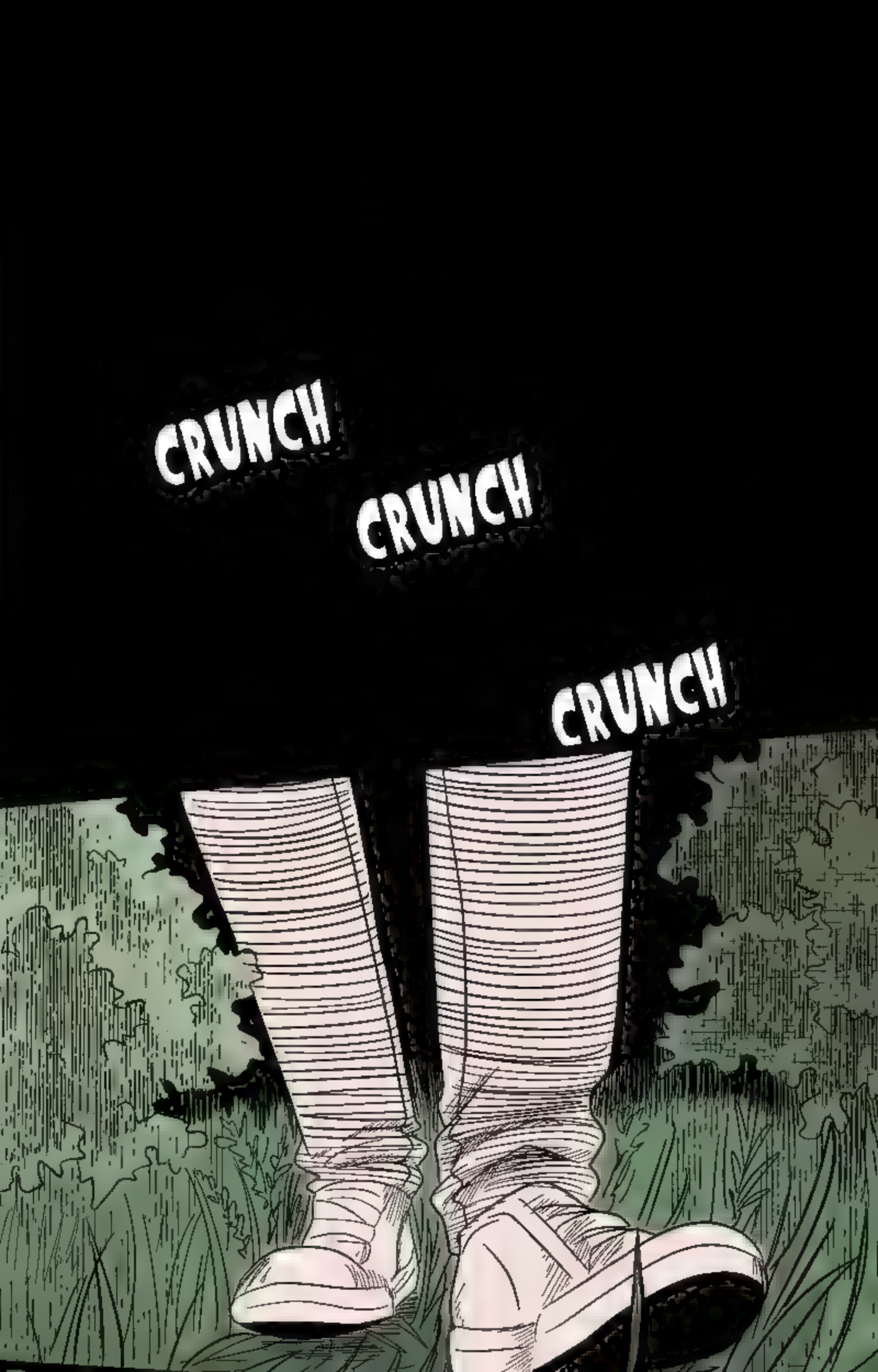


AND TO THE RIGHT IS... A FOOTPATH INTO THE WOODS.





I BET I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS.


CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

HONESTLY, IF I KNEW THIS

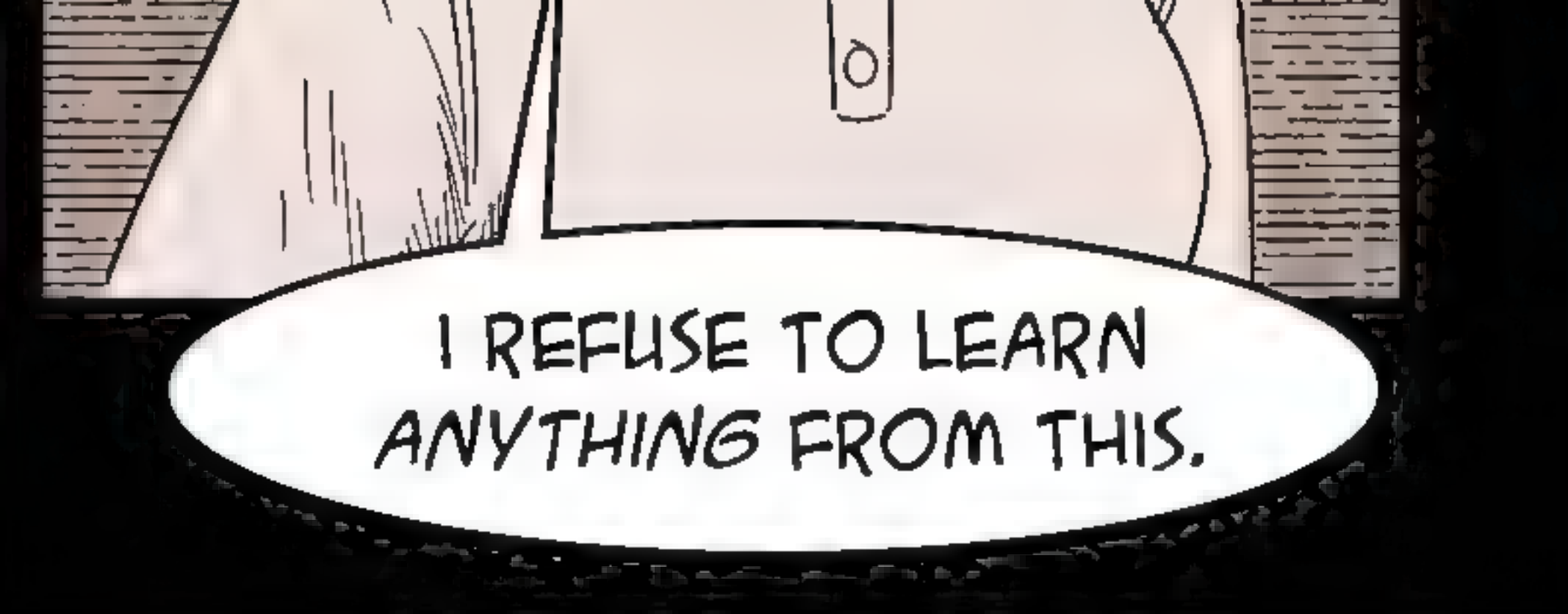
WAS GOING TO END IN THE WOODS, I WOULDV'E BROUGHT SOME-

BUG...SPRAY...

WHAT IS THIS?

AN OLD FARMHOUSE? IT LOOKS ANCIENT.

I'M STARTING TO THINK THIS IS ALL AN ELABORATE RUSE TO MAKE ME LEARN TOWN HISTORY.


I REFUSE TO LEARN
ANYTHING FROM THIS.

HUH...THE DOOR'S BRICKED UP?

CELLAR DOOR BRICKED IN...

SOMEONE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO SEAL THIS PLACE UP.

WHAT'S
THE INSIDE LIKE?

WOW...IT'S LIKE A LITTLE MINI-FOREST IN THERE.

HMMM....

NONE OF THE WINDOWS LOOK EASY TO GET THROUGH...

I GUESS I COULD GO GET A LADDER?

NOT SURE I WANT TO MAKE THE EFFORT FOR-

YEAH...
THAT'LL DO JUST
FINE.